To his Royal Highnes the Duke.

THey who oppoſe your Right unto the Crown,
Would, had they pow'r, pull Monarchy quite down:
'Tis not, ſo qualifi'd they would have one
Of this, or that Religion, on the Throne;
No, no, we know their minds, they would have none.
The men that lately kept from *Charles* his due,
Now promiſe fair to dis-inherit you;
They who explode your Right, to make us ſlaves,
Are not Preſumptive, but Apparent Knaves:
By our Diſſentions they would ſmooth their way,
And from Contenders hope to ſnatch the Prey.
But ſuch men ſeldom in the end can boaſt,
They threaten loud, but ſtill their Cauſe is loſt
In ſuch affairs, they'll find it to their coſt.
Still the old Cheat, Religion is the cry,
And made the Ram to batter Monarchy;
'Cauſe they deſerve, they fear the ſmarting Rod,
And moſt Religiouſly diſtruſt their God.
Envy at Regal Sway, (Ah it is ſad)
And Zeal mis-guided made thoſe Bill-men mad:
Theſe took rath meaſures, and did ill adviſe;
But without jealouſie or wrong ſurmiſe,
The future will prove Loyal, Calm, and Wiſe.
Thus it cannot but aſſurance bring,
That a good Man can make as good a King.
Factious deſign, and damn'd Plebeian rage,
Does to no mean degree diſtract the Age,
And watch the tott'ring of our ſettled State.
But can we be ſuch Sheep, ſuch careleſs Elves,
Not to beware the Wolves among our ſelves?
Thoſe Beaſts of Prey, that lurk in a diſguiſe,
That wear our skins; 'tis there our danger lies:
Againſt their Brother-Wolves they raiſe the cry,
'Cauſe their Addreſſes are not half ſo ſlie.
A Papiſt ſeems a Papiſt to our ſight,
But our Fanatick, 'cauſe he would not fright,
Daubs o'er the Devil like a Child of Light.
But Ah! great Sir, where you ſhould ſtill Command,
You, like a Stranger, viſit your own Land;
You for a moment Tantalize our ſight,
Then, like the abſent *Sun*, you give us night:
But 'tis the ready way, we muſt confeſs,
To make us know and prize our happineſs;
Whilſt all do ſuffer, for the faulty few,
England muſt loſe it ſelf in loſing you.
But to *Great Britain* come ——
May you in higheſt ſplendor live, and be
Happy and ſafe, Great Sir, in One of Three.
Sir, may your Right no otherwiſe prove vain,
Than by the length of our Great CHARLES his Reign.
We cannot, Sir, but prove a happy Nation;
One bliſs enjoy'd, another in expectation.
There but remains this great Truth in the cloſe,
Your Virtue and Courage, Sir, the whole World knows,
And y'are born for Conqueſt o'er your Foes.

FINIS.